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Christmas Echoes.

WHENCE those echoes, gay and gladsome,
Blending with our Christmas glees?
List! they're chords from joyous anthems
Breathed by angels on the breeze.

Whence those echoes, grand but simple,
Ling'ring 'round the stately manse?
Hark! 'tis Noel's gentle music,
Hallowing knighthood's brightest glance.

Whence those echoes, light and blithesome,
Wafted o'er the gilded hall?
Ah! they're joyous Christmas carols
Gently lifting riches' pall.

Whence those echoes, low but merry,
Rising o'er the lowly cot?
Ah! 'tis earth's most sacred raptures,
Poor man's mirth, and griefs forgot.

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.

Christmas Bards.

HOW often, when awaking on a Christmas morning, with the bright winter sun beaming in upon our faces, as if to chide us for our lethargy at a time of such joy, have not our hearts been filled with an unexplainable gladness! It permeates our very being, causing the heart to throb lighter and the mind to rise to a higher plane. We are happy, supremely happy, and the blithe "Merry Christmas" going the round of many mouths but adds to its charm. Then, if ever, we feel that earth has joys for those pure and true of heart. The words of thanksgiving and exultation rise involuntarily to our lips; and we wish it were ours to but touch the living lyre to pour forth in its strains the surplus joy of our souls. A longing for the "gift of song" possesses us, and we exclaim with Milton:—

"Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?"

But if we cannot sweep the strings, others have done so, and it is for us to drink in the melody. Ah! it is true bliss to range over the land of everlasting spring, the land of poetry and song, while the elements, forgetting that their Maker is about to come among them, are raging and howling outside, as they frequently do on Christmas eve. Even on the day itself, when surfeited with all the dainties and pleasures that kind friends have given us, it is well to remember that there are friends past and gone who have left us imperish-

able gifts. These friends are the poets, and their gifts, the offspring of their genius. Around Christmas poetry, in particular, hover those simple graces, that ineffable beauty which captivates all who appreciate true art.

The feast of Christmas is religious in essence, and only that bard feels its holy pulse throbbing in unison with his own that does not despise the sacrifice of his Infant Redeemer; that treasures higher than his life the faith breathed by Bethlehem's Babe. And who was such a one if not the martyred laureate of the English Catholics, Robert Southwell. In his "Burning Babe", universally admired by Protestants as well as Catholics, we see the sentiments that gave him the strength to die for his faith. It is the gush of sacred joy from a trusting heart; and its few but meaning-laden lines are a balm to souls pressed by sorrow. The Divine Child is burning and weeping in grief at its unappreciated and reviled love.

"Scorched with exceeding heat such floods of tears did
shed

As though His floods should quench His flames with
what His tears were fed."

In recalling the names of those younger than Southwell, we turn to Shakespeare, and hopefully seek among his thousands of images for a gem that will brighten Noel's crown. The choicest is, without doubt, the reference to Christmas-tide in Hamlet in these much admired lines:—

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch has power to charm,
 So hallowed and so gracious is the time "

These seven wonderful verses breathe forth in exquisite language that indescribable, airy something which lingers around Christmas. We have often felt it, but only a poet can express it in words.

A further search among the men of song reveals to us that Milton, the champion of the Puritans, has given us the greatest poem addressed to the holy mystery in English, namely the "Ode on the Nativity." It is simpler in style than most of his other productions, and does not leave the impression of irreverence for things celestial that is conveyed in "Paradise Lost". On the contrary, it arouses the holy enthusiasm that an Infant God, born in a manger, should excite. He shows us what his spirit-loving mind itself saw, the angels

"Harping in loud and solemn Quire

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To heaven's new-born Heir."

Over all rests a sacred calm. How well is this expressed in the stanzas beginning:—

"But peaceful was the night
 Wherein the prince of light
 His reign of peace on earth began."

Though not really written in honor of the Nativity as a feast, Pope's imitation of Virgil's "Pollio," "The Messiah," is a grand epic treating the prophecy and birth of Christ. Here we do not see the failings of the bard of Twickenham, but feel the enthusiasm with which he threw

himself out of his death-bed to receive his God on his knees.

The next in rank, as a work of art, is Mrs. Browning's "The Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus." Through its true portrayal of the deep but reverential love that Mary had for her Divine Child, it awakens a flow of pathos in the reader's soul. Still the touch is somewhat cold. Mrs. Browning was not blessed with the warm faith of Catholics. She even ridiculed Catholic belief and practice in another Christmas poem, namely, "Christmas Gifts." Her scoffing in this poem can hardly be called poetry, it is so coarse. Christmas is essentially Catholic. Only Catholic poets can give to the Holy Feast the halo of peace and joy. This Mrs. Browning fails to express. Nevertheless, there is something akin to it, strengthened by the oft recurring phrase, "Sleep, sleep, mine Holy One," or "Sleep, sleep, my saving One."

Another poet that reveals the deep and tender love of the Blessed Virgin for her Child is Samuel T. Coleridge in "A Christmas Carol." Like Mrs. Browning, he lacks the enthusiasm of the Catholic; still, when the shepherds tell her that "Blessed Angels heralded the Savior's birth,"

"She listened to the tale divine,

Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn.

Peace, Peace on earth! the Prince of Peace is born!"

Longfellow and Whittier, America's twain of national bards, wrote their Christmas hymns during the civil war, at a time when there was much longing for peace. Christmas being the season of peace, these two poets sang for cease of strife,

Longfellow in "A Christmas Carol" and Whittier in "A Christmas Carmen." Longfellow also wrote a beautiful ballad, "Christmas Bells," which is as musical as the bells he heard.

Aubrey De Vere and Father Ryan strike a note of Christmas joy that we all have felt. The former in "Christmas 1860," the latter in his "Christmas Chant." "Strange shadows about me flit," in Aubrey De Vere, gives the tone of both poems. Ah, is it not true? With shadows around our joys we ever remember on Christmas our companions of former Christmas joys, who are with us no more.

Father Ryan, especially, is a poet of power and genius, who can no more be ignored than Southwell. "The Christmas Chant" reveals the wealth of his imagination and fancy, and the depth of his poetic heart. It is not elegant, but it is true.

We must also not forget England's sweetest lady singer, Adelaide Proctor. On looking at the winter moon on Christmas eve, how many of us have not been struck by the thought she beautifully expresses in the opening lines of her "Christmas Carol."

"The moon that now is shining
In skies so blue and bright,
Shone ages since on Shepherds
Who watched their flocks by night."

"The Angel's Story" is her best Christmas poem. She sings in it of the night that saw old wrongs forgotten, when

"Voices all unused to laughter,
Mournful eyes that rarely smiled,
Trembling hearts that feared the morrow,"

were moved by the universal gladness to be joyous and happy. But we must come to an end. One could not allude to all the poets that have brought gems of verse, as votive offerings, to their Infant Redeemer. Catholics, particularly, know what a great gift they possess in that holy faith brought to earth by Jesus on Christmas day, and they are not unsusceptible to the love of the Holy Child. Their verses, therefore, have the true ring, even when written by authors of minor note.

Christmas contains so much truth and beauty that neither sage nor poet can exhaust it. The greatest poet has not given full expression to all it contains, but it yields part of its treasure to every one that has a loving and poetic soul, and young poets should therefore direct their muse to this theme. Their lines may not escape censure from the critic, but they will have the satisfaction of having contributed to the honor of the Divine Child on His glorious birthday.

VICTOR W. MEACHER, '06.

The Tiny Messenger.

I grew restless and weary of pondering
O'er my books, in the study hall;
But my burden was gone in a minute,
As I watched the snowflakes fall.

Like so many children playing,
They flew with bird-like glee:
The way they danced and frolicked
Was a beautiful sight to see.

With a cooling draught from the window
Came a messenger divine;
A tiny little snowflake,
All trimmed in robes so fine.

"Good morning, my friend, I greet you!
A hearty welcome to thee;
I am happy, most happy, to meet you;
What news has this bright gem for me?"

Whence come you with your joyful companions,
What causes your mirth and your glee,
Are you out for a holiday ramble,
Or eager some grand sights to see?"

"I come from the blue sky above you,
Was born of the stars of that sea,
A true counterpart of my parents,
A very true likeness are we.

In the holy season of Advent
We come over mountain and glen,
To prepare the cold earth for the coming
Of Jesus, the Savior of men.

As the star in the East led the wise men,
Where the Child in the manger lay;
So we tell of the joys of His coming,
And prepare for the festival day.

As pure as the gem of my bosom,
His heart beams with radiant love;
So pure must your heart be blended,
To enter His kingdom above."

"O messenger, stay with me always;
Lead me to that Mansion above."
But the crystal had changed to a dewdrop,
And was lost in the bliss of his love.

LEO FAUROT, '08.



Blessed Caspar Del Bufalo

A TRUE, unselfish devotion to the interests of others will always command the admiration of men. A teacher, who labors to educate the minds and hearts of his pupils, laying open to them the treasures of knowledge and instilling into their souls high ideals, will always be respected and admired, at least by all who can appreciate the sacrifices and difficulties involved in the task. Even more than a teacher of worldly knowledge is he esteemed who instructs others unto salvation, and not content to "allure men to brighter worlds" by instruction and exhortation, "leads the way." To one of these the Church has recently decreed public honor, when on the eighteenth of December she enrolled among the names of the Blessed that of Caspar del Bufalo, surnamed the Apostle of Rome, a great missionary and the founder of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood.

This servant of God was born in the Eternal City, on the feast of Epiphany, 1786, and received in baptism the name of Caspar, probably in honor of one of the three holy kings who came from the far East to the crib of the Infant God at Bethlehem. Reared from his birth in the school of sanctity, more by the example than the words of his pious parents, he at an early age won the affection and admiration of his companions by his ardor of soul, strength of character, and fine mental attainments. The parents, aware of the great love which the young Caspar had for the things per-

taining to God and the Church, determined to dedicate him to the service of the altar; wherefore, after a proper education at home, he was sent to the Collegium Romanum. Here the young student was distinguished for remarkably bright talents and incessant application. On account of his delicate constitution he was several times obliged to quit his studies, but his iron will could not be overcome, and trusting in the intercession of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, he always resumed them with new fervor, until he brought them to a brilliant close.

A peculiar feature of the life of Caspar del Bufalo is his deep devotion to the Apostle of the Indies. While yet a child, he was overtaken by a serious illness; his pious mother had recourse to St. Francis Xavier, and the boy miraculously recovered. On account of this wonderful assistance Caspar felt that he owed a deep gratitude to his heavenly protector, which he never wearied of paying. This love and devotion increased with years, until it resulted in the youth's determination to follow the example of the Saint in preaching the Gospel to the nations. Only insurmountable difficulties prevented him from going as a missionary to pagan lands. Afterwards, amid the difficulties of his priestly labors, he ever implored the help of St. Francis Xavier and finally crowned his love towards him by placing the religious community which he founded under his special guidance and patronage.

After much self-scrutiny and deliberation on his part, Caspar was ordained priest and cele-

brated his first holy Mass in the grand Basilica of St. Mark, in 1808. From that moment his desire to gain souls for Christ knew no bounds. The words of Pius VII, "God has chosen thee to be a missionary," he recognized as coming from Heaven itself, and he entered upon his vocation with cheerfulness and alacrity. Oftentimes he would visit the sick, give retreats and conferences, and perform other works of a spiritual and charitable nature. It was at this time that Napoleon wrested the Ecclesiastical States from the hands of Pius VII. All those who held any office, whether secular or spiritual, at Rome were obliged to swear allegiance to the usurper. Caspar was also summoned before General Miollis, and when asked to take the oath, he curtly answered: "I cannot, I will not," whereupon he was imprisoned with other priests at Piacenza. Here he fell into a violent sickness, and was even at the point of death, but recovered and was exiled to Bologna. At this place he again refused to acknowledge Napoleon as lord and master of Rome, and was therefore confined in the dungeon of San Giovanni in Monte. later on, in that of Imola. Everything was taken away from him and his companions, and they were even prohibited to say Mass. All these sufferings and deprivations the young priest bore with a calm resignation to God's holy will. Sometime after, orders were given that he and his companions should be transported to Corsica; but before they arrived there, the French empire was overthrown, and they were set free and allowed to repair to their homes.

Filled with joy at the news, Caspar immediately set out for Rome to continue his apostolate. The religious affairs in the city were now in a poor condition, owing to the banishment of the greater part of the clergy and even of the Sovereign Pontiff. But no difficulty could thwart him in his duty, and he sought in every way to revive that spirit of religion which had grown lax since the usurpation of Rome by the French. He conceived the idea of gathering about him men who would bind themselves to live in communities, to be guided in spiritual life by rules and regulations, and devote their time to the instruction of youth and to giving missions and retreats. The zealous priest made known his intention to Pius VII, who not only praised it and declared it to be necessary for Christianity, but even presented him for that purpose with the Church of St. Felix in Giano as a mission-house. Here on the feast of the Assumption, 1815, Caspar and his small band of followers solemnly promised to work henceforth solely for God's honor through the conversion of souls. This was the foundation of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood, the community which soon cast its branches to various parts of Europe, and in 1845 began active and successful work in the New World.

Caspar del Bufalo may justly be classed among the great preachers of the Catholic Church. Twenty-three years of active service, the mode of conducting his missions, and the innumerable conversions wrought by his preaching, shed lustre upon his name and render it glorious in the catalogue

of missionaries. From all parts of Italy people came to hear him, and often for lack of space in the church, he was obliged to preach in the open. God also granted to his servant the gift of miracles. In all his missions Caspar endeavored to propagate the devotion of the Most Precious Blood which he called "the weapon of the age." In spite of great opposition met with in the beginning, the devotion spread and was soon a popular one in the various countries of Europe. In 1830, there were already one hundred and fifty confraternities established, whose members adored and revered in a especial manner the prize of mankind's salvation. Caspar ardently wished to see the day when a special feast would be instituted in honor of the Most Precious Blood throughout the Church, but this took place twelve years after his death, in the reign of Pius IX.

After a life of self-sacrifice and devotion in behalf of humanity, the hour of dissolution arrived for the servant of God. A few months before his death he stemmed by his prayers and labors the tide of desolation caused by a raging cholera in Rome. Soon after he was cast on his own bed of sickness, and his life began to ebb away. On the feast of the Holy Innocents, 1837, surrounded by his devoted children in Christ and fortified with the last sacraments, his calm and peaceful soul flitted away to the mansions of the blest. A truly apostolic man had passed to his reward, a vessel of election to preach the word of God and to increase the honor of the Catholic Church.

FELICIAN WACHENDORFER, 05.

Christmas Joy.

CHRISTMAS! Oh, the joy of that one word!
Christmas! Sweetest sound that e'er was heard,
Noel, Christmas, Christmas, Noel!
Of the year most precious jewel—
Dearest thought in every sorrow!
Happy we, for on the morrow
Christmas will be here!

Hark ye! Hear the joyful singing!
Listen! Hear ye not the church bells ringing?
Noel, Christmas, Christmas, Noel!
Think ye of this glad renewal;
Raise your hearts from earthly strife,
Think not badly of this life:
Christmas will be here!

Christmas! How my heart is throbbing!
Yule-tide! Scarcely I refrain from sobbing.
Noel, Christmas, Christmas, Noel!
Each new thought is added fuel.
Ah, my heart with joy is beating,
As within I keep repeating,
"Christmas will be here!"

D. LAWRENCE MONAHAN, '06.

Christmas Customs.

WE are moving once more in the cheerful Christmas tide. With the same simplicity and devotion as our ancestors several centuries ago, we celebrate the great feast which has such indefinable charm for young and old. How Christmas is kept at home we all know; but if we cast a glance into other lands, we will be amused at some of the strange customs and usages which the Christmas celebration has called into existence.

In the order of feasts Christmas occupies a decidedly unique rank: it is a domestic feast as much as an ecclesiastical. In both respects it is very interesting. Entering the church on Christmas morning, our eyes fall immediately upon the crib with the child Jesus. At no other occasion does the church exhibit this beautiful representation of the lowly birth of our Savior in the manger. The custom of erecting a crib on Christmas came in vogue long after the feast itself was established. It is ascribed to St. Francis of Assisi, who placed the first crib in his chapel about the year 1223. Other religious persons, such as St. Gertrude, readily imitated the example set by St. Francis, and before long this beautiful practice was found among Christians the world over. To-day we hardly know of a country without its Christmas crib. Some of the most famous cribs are found in the several Franciscan churches of Rome: Ara Coeli, Sanctissimo Bambino, St. Francesco al Ripa. An ancient custom still prevails in these churches

that children render programs before the crib on Christmas day from twelve until four in the afternoon; and it is said that multitudes flock into these churches in order to listen to them. But we must not omit to mention the church of St. Mary Major where the principal Christmas ceremonies are held. In this church are preserved some of the relics of the real crib of Bethlehem. They were brought from Jerusalem under the pontificate of Pope Theodore I. and are yearly exposed on the altar for veneration. Almost every church in Rome is artistically illumined on Christmas eve and morning, a custom which is common to a great extent in all European countries. Here it may be said too, that European cribs differ from the cribs in this country, both as to manner of construction and arrangement. While the former are made with a view to realistic and truthful representation, those in this country tend to be more or less idealistic in construction and design.

With us the Christmas-tree and Santa Claus contribute to make up the greater pleasures for the home circle. The Americans, as a rule, are not given to the practice of any other particular customs in their home celebration; but without the Christmas-tree and Santa Claus Christmas would be incomplete. Not all countries follow us in this regard. The Christmas-tree is not familiar to all people as to us; and Santa Claus assumes various disguises in different countries. Now a word about the Christmas-tree.

The Christmas-tree, pronounced by the Church as highly symbolical of the Christ-Child is of Ger-

man origen. German emigrants are said to have introduced the Christmas-tree into this country and even England. A German in the service of Queen Caroline, wife of King George IV. undertook to make the custom of his country popular in England about the year 1795. The success of the Christmas-tree was assured in England, when Albert, a German prince, married Queen Victoria. Before this time the yule-log was burned in every English home on Christmas, during which time there was great feasting and frolicing. Some species of mystery plays, which were rendered by the children, existed at one time in England, but are now entirely forgotten. In other parts of that country poor women went begging, with a waxen or wooden doll in their hands, singing Christmas carols and invoking blessings on the homes they visited. France at one time imitated England in burning the yule-log. The father of the house sprinkled the log with wine so that it burned for three days. As in England so also in France, the Christmas diet forms no small part of the celebration.

Turkey pie and yule cakes were always a favorite number of the bill of fare in both countries. But the Christmas-tree has long since entered into the domestic celebration also in France, and many of the ancient usages have made way for more modern ones. The practice of distributing gifts on Christmas is not universally observed in France; the sixth of December, or the feast of St. Nicolas, seems a more appropriate day for the French people to exchange gifts. The same custom pre-

vails even to this day to a great extent in Spain and Italy. In most parts of France, however, Santa Claus is expected by the children on Christmas; he brings them candies, fruits, large Christmas cakes, occasionally also a stick. The children do not hang up their stockings, as is customary in this country. Plates or other dishes are placed on the windowsill of a less frequented room of the house where Santa Claus is supposed to enter and deposit the desired articles. He generally finds oats and other feed for his mules in a box beside the plates.

A most touching spectacle may be witnessed on early Christmas morning in many of the village churches in France. All the school children are grouped around the crib, which is usually erected in the middle aisle, just outside the sanctuary, singing Christmas hymns or reciting little poems in honor of the Babe of Bethlehem. The midnight mass has always been a cherished custom throughout France, and it is worthy of note that a Frenchman never fails to attend it, even though he does not enter the church at any other time of the year.

Christmas in Germany is known as the children's feast. The Christmas-tree is at home here, at least in the greater part of Germany. Santa Claus visits all the children on Christmas eve. He goes about in company with another person, "Knight Ruppert," as he is called by some. Both enter the house and ask for the good children. Santa Claus scatters candies, nuts and apples on the floor and gives presents to the children. After

the latter have recovered from their fright, a scramble ensues, during which the strange figures make their escape. Other parts of Germany have again different ways of surprising the children with Christmas gifts: three persons, representing the Infant Jesus, the Angel Gabriel, and St. Peter, go about the town distributing presents in every house. In some parts of Belgium St. Nicolas in bishop's state appears in the village riding a finely caparisoned horse. On his tour he requests the children to put out their wooden shoes at night, in which they find their gifts deposited the following morning. In the Alsatian countries the Christmas-tree is popular with the people. A little girl dressed in white appears in the family circle and leads all the children to the Christmas-tree, where after having sung a number of hymns to the Infant Jesus, the little girl rewards the children with the gifts from the Christmas-tree and vanishes.

The northern countries of Europe—Norway, Sweden and Denmark—still adhere to their ancient customs of celebrating Christmas. The inhabitants of the village or town march to the woods in a body to select the trees for the celebration. Instead of hanging their presents on the Christmas-tree, they wrap them up in paper and throw the packages into the room as a surprise. "Yuleklapp" is the name they give to these packages, the opening of which creates of course much fun and laughter. In Norway every member of the house receives a new suit of clothes on Christmas. Shoes are collected from every corner and placed

in a row on Christmas eve, to indicate that order and peace should not be disturbed throughout the year. The simple peasants, moreover, wish to have their domestic animals share the joys of Christmas with themselves. They feed them extra food on that day. They also place a bundle of grain on a pole outside for the birds.

In Ireland, Christmas is kept more as a holy day than a holiday, though there is more or less feasting and generally a dance, in which all the neighbors take part. A curious superstition, now almost extinct, tells that if one quietly stole into the cow-shed on early Christmas morning, the cattle might be found kneeling, commemorating the act of the ox and ass at the crib of Bethlehem; also that the bees might be heard to sing in their hives at the same hour. Strange to say, a similar superstition exists among the Indians of North America. Howison in his "Sketches of Upper Canada" relates that on a moonlit Christmas eve he saw an Indian creeping cautiously through the woods, who in answer to an inquiry said: "Me watch to see the deer kneel. Christmas night all deer kneel and look up to great Spirit."

Much more could be said of the many and various customs which Christmas brings with it. Many of these strange practices have come over from the ancient heathen tribes of Europe and have been christianized by the Church. They are surely innocent in themselves, and serve only to augment the joys of the people, which at no other time of the year excel those of Christmas.

Well has the poet expressed the sentiments of the people in these words:

"Now welcome all and give good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year!"

MAURICE E. EHLENGER, '06.

On Christmas Night.

A King to lie in straw content,
Tonight is born for every land.
He cometh at His God's command,
And showers gifts on every hand,
O'er all this continent.

A star has risen in the West,
An angel's trumpet loud is blown;
And flowers to the shepherds thrown
By Him who's not ashamed to own
That shepherds too are blest.

The star has risen far on high—
The wise men on their journeys long;
In hope and faith forever strong;
They watch the star in Heaven's throng
That passes o'er the sky.

In Bethlehem's hut they find the King—
A Babe so innocent and pure;
And in his smiles they would endure
A thousand heart-aches—for their cure—
While voices softly sing.

Oh, what a night of joy on earth!
And what a boon to all of those
Who 'round the crib now gather close
And look in rapture on this Rose,
Whom Mary gave in birth.

D. L. MONAHAN, '06..

In the Year 2000.

THE aerial races were over. I rolled up my ship and, as usual, placed it in the ship shed. The excitement of the afternoon's (Christmas) sport had tired me, and I sought my cozy arm-chair. I was of that hopeful, sanguine class whose mind is ever restless and whose imagination will never be quieted. So I straightway began to ponder if it were not possible to accomplish something that would immortalize my name. Suddenly, thoughts, plans, ideas,—whimsical, fantastical—came to me in glorious profusion. They formed a sort of kaleidoscope, or a fourth of July "pin-wheel" upon my brain. But the next instant all again was clear; ideas floated by like seaweed, others hovered at some height from me like land-birds flying to a ship. At last I had it. A fine idea floated in my mind, like a cake of soap in a full bath-tub. "Take your machine, whisk yourself into space, and discover whatsoever you shall find."

Dictum, factum. I sprang up and got ready, that is to say, oiled my machine, and visited the drug-store for "essence" to sustain me on the trip. "Essence" (to make a degression) is what we live on. We no longer eat large quantities, wasting teeth, time, and jaws in gnawing and cutting and chewing. Restaurants are no more. When hungry, one goes to his little shelf, takes a teaspoonful of "turkey leg essence", two teaspoonfuls of "squab essence", one fourth ounce of "mince es-

sence", a teaspoonful of "sour-kraut essence", and a liberal quantity of "bread extract." This is equal to about four turkey legs, six pigeons, a mince pie, a little keg of sour kraut, a loaf of bread, and, if a pinch of "bean essence powder" be added, to one can of Boston baked beans. For those travelling in higher regions a sort of "air essence is prepared. It is bought in lumps like marshmallows, spongy little delicacies, which by an ingenious position and placing of the lips (a trick which has become an art, on which books are written as about elocution of old) are absorbed by the inner man.

I say, I got ready, got essence, got agoing and got out of sight before I had finished chewing my first morsel of "air essence." I perceived the moon first, and thought the quickest way to immortalization would be to spend a sort of honeymoon there; other places were too far off, and I was impatient of being immortalized.

I felt myself going faster, faster, and faster than faster. I flew like a bullet, and I chuckled as I thought of the gravitation duel of alma earth and flava moon now on about me. Presently I looked back at the earth, and I thought it exceedingly picturesque, that is to say, like a picture I have seen in an old book which showed a negro doubled over a melon. North and South America seemed as two ungainly calico patches in his shirt, one on his shoulder, the other down along his hip. The North pole seemed a mere cigarette sticking from his semi-invisible face. Greenland was one of his huge ears, and Cuba a mere piece of sliced

melon by his side. The bulging upper part of Africa and camel-bump Spain were his wonderful lips, and the whole Mediterranean sea, his prodigious mouth. Australia, Borneo, and the Philippines looked like so many little unripe melons behind him. Ireland was a mere apple.

I began calculating on what part of the negro's shoulder I had been living, when bang! crash! humpty, dumpty! I and machine, like Jack and Gill in Mother Goose, lay sprawling—somewhere. I lay quite still for awhile. I was almost immortalized then and there, but I thanked—the moon, for I was yet mortal. Hello! The moon was gone. I looked all over the heavens for him. But no, he was not gone. I was “come”. I was on the moon. “Hurrah,” thought I, “here is another Aeneas. An epic shall come of this, and my immortalization is certain.” I saw, I had landed on a mountain, or rather a promontory, (it must have been the left shoulder, or *l'epole goche* of the man in the moon). Being sanguinistic, I was active. I hastened further down towards a huge chasm—his vest pocket, as it were, and having rounded this obstacle I stood on a plateau, rudely speaking, his very stomach. I gazed upwards to see whether he evinced any facial expression of being aware that I was present. Upon perceiving that he wore his ordinary grin, I started for his face, leaping recklessly over button-hole chasms, grand canons made by the ruffles of his shirt. Suddenly I missed footing and slid half way into what seemed one of his boots. As I stuck there, an eclipse set in, which cast a semi darkness or

twilight around me. And behold! out of one of the rocky vest pockets there issued two curious people crying: "What mortal fool disturbeth the peace of the two "Gentlemen of Verona", and they clattered with their hands, grinning at each other ineffably. Then there followed murmurings from afar, and, O sorrow, death and ages!—through the dusky shadow around the huge mountain which is the hip, there appeared Brutus, Cassius and Casca calling out:—"Gentle friends, let us kill him boldly, but not wrathfully. Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods." And before I had time to lose my wits in fear, or turn white, or get bald, or die, "Marry!" from behind what was probably the pin in the necktie there came forth hand in hand—Romeo and Juliet. "Hist, Romeo, hist! said she, and he, "Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron." "Shylock is my name! I'll plague him! I'll torture him!" came another voice from an overcoat pocket, and out from under me (out of the boot I had fallen into) came the "Merry Wives of Windsor", exasperated beyond description. O horrors! O terrors! O poor me! All were wrathfully seeking the disturber of their peace. All around me I heard: "Quos ego!" "Apprehend him!" Alas, I was now discovered. "The Wives" surrounded me and called to the others. On they came from all sides. I grew faint and wished to lose my eyesight. I tried to slide farther into the boot to hide from, or at least to dodge the Furies. Two of them approached me slowly, hollow-eyed, thin, ghastly, and with smoky countenances. I slid again; they shrank into midgets. I slid again,

but this time—off my arm chair. The two pursuers proved to be the hands of my huge regulator clock, and the other “Wives,” the Roman letters on the dial.

“There,” said I, “is ‘Much Ado About Nothing’.” My roommate Dennis came in, and I told him the tale. He laughed and said:—“Well, ‘All’s Well That Ends Well,’” to which I replied, “Let’s call it ‘The Winter’s Tale’.” He merely said, “‘As You Like It’.”

RAYMOND RATH, '06.



THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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THE STAFF.

D. LAWRENCE MONAHAN, '06, EDITOR.

EDWARD J. PRYOR, '06, EXCHANGER.

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FELICIAN WACHENDORFER, '05.

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Editorials.

To all our readers we extend our hearty wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



IT is with a sense of just pride that we mention the beatification of Caspar del Bufalo, the saintly founder of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood, which occurred on the eighteenth of this month at Rome. The life of the venerable man

of which there appears a sketch in this issue, was most fruitful in good works. It resembles that of St. Ignatius of Loyola in many respects. Like the illustrious founder of the Jesuit order, Caspar del Bufalo was most eager to instruct his fellowmen "unto justice," and to enlighten them in the way of salvation. Like him he was a man of fine mental attainments, which he put wholly in the service of the Church. His work as a missionary to the poor and the outcast was so remarkable in its results as to merit the attention of all preachers of the word of God. In fact, upon examination it will be found that modern missionary methods are in many particulars copied after his. He was a pious and zealous priest, very intellectual, with a finely grained and deeply emotional nature, enthusiastic for the Church, and burning with love of souls. A reader of his biography falls at once under the spell of his singularly attractive personality. Caspar del Bufalo is an illustrious model for priests, especially so, since he is of our own age. We congratulate the Community of the Precious Blood upon the honor of having their founder enrolled among the Blessed, and express the hope that ere long the name of Caspar del Bufalo will shine among the Saints of the Church.



SOЦИABLENESS is one of the first requisites of a good student, and all inmates of St. Joseph's would do well to cultivate this eminent quality. When a student has learned his horarium, he should next learn to know his fellow students. Nor should his knowledge be confined to a select few, but he

should aim to acquaint himself with all, in the same degree of intimacy. Nothing does more to establish harmony amongst the body of students than this quality of brotherliness, which can and should stand out prominently in colleges of our size. The general feeling of content, which common friendship promotes, does more to make the environment of a college agreeable than any amount of amusement or sport. Common friends make common interests, and since our one common interest should be, and I hope is, the welfare of our Alma Mater and the success of her students, we can combine to effect this in no better manner than by being sociable.



WE cannot refrain from expressing the disgust we feel at the remarks of Secretary John Hay anent the Catholic Church in Spain. His insinuations are infamous, and his direct attacks on Catholicity are so preposterous as to make them unbearable not only to the Catholic but to any sound-minded, unprejudiced man.

His book, "In Castilian Day," which he published as a result of his mission abroad and lately reissued, is the most libelous compilation of aspersions ever made by an American statesman, a man to whom the interests of millions of Catholics have been entrusted. His despicable bigotry leads him to cast his slurs also upon the Irish, and while Mr. Hay may think himself free to dislike everything Irish, it would become him better to leave his opinions unsaid. We are gratified to know, however, that our President is of a different

stamp,—of a broader mind; and while we could well nigh despair if Mr. Hay were at the head, we need have no fear of religious troubles, nor cause to feel humiliated before the world on account of his religious views. On the contrary, the evident fairness and breadth with which Mr. Roosevelt meets all religious matters is a source of pride to Americans.



WITH the close of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition of St. Louis, America witnesses the grand finale of the greatest event of an epoch.

Never before in the history of the world has there been such a grand exhibition of worldly interests as in St. Louis. Never before in all history has such a grand exhibition of architectural art been centered in one place. It were useless to go into ecstasy over the grandeur of the scenes, the magnificence of each building; every American is familiar with it from sight or hearsay. The only criticism on it is that it was too vast and too extended in area to make as favorable an impression in its totality as in its parts.

It was a great achievement of man in every way. One cannot help recalling the words of Hamlet: "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty!"—to achieve so much in so short a space of time.

And now it is over! No more appears the grand display of every country's interest, no more the beauty of the grounds, the gorgeous electrical effects! As President Francis said before touching the button which extinguished the myriad lights, "Farewell, a long farewell to all thy greatness and beauty." Perhaps we shall not live to see its like again—but who can tell?

The Line of Education.

THE line of education is a never ending revelation of God's gifts to man. Each day, year, and generation adds something to this boundless expanse of knowledge.

Perhaps no other age ever existed wherein there was such a demand for education and educated people.

Why are so many people still sleeping along the wayside in this age of achievements?

Often we hear the expression, "Were I sure of success and a position, I would try for an education." Surely, such a statement has not received much thought on the part of the speaker, for it would be quite as wise for a farmer to say he would not sow his grain until an abundant harvest were assured him. Such a man must end like the poor fisherman who, because the prospects for fish were not good, would not cast his net, but sat pondering and wishing, and while waiting fell asleep and did not awake to see the splendid run of fish in the shallow brook below.

Honest men gain much by persistent labor; explorers have reached the highest summits only after many attempts; inventors have succeeded after many trials and failures.

Why should we feel discouraged though the sun of success has not yet begun to shine, and the clouds that fret the horizon are black and threatening?

Why should we expect to inherit success, when men before had to work to achieve it?

Why should we expect to glean a harvest, where we were not willing to sow?

An old proverb reads thus: "Dilligence is the mother of good luck," and I may say, Woe to the man that never knew that mother.

As we launch into the mighty ocean of learning, we see in the distance profound geniuses, like mighty billows, whose crests ascend to the sky, while their bases stir the very depths. Ah, it is now we begin to see, through the morning light, our own little waves dancing along.

It is only in fancy that we are tossed on the foam crested billows of success.

And whether we are to perish in the noble strife, or die in obscurity and inactivity, depends upon the efforts which we manifest in our daily walks of life.

If we would be wise, let us not tarry in the spring time of life, lest when the harvest is come, we shall reap thorns and thistles. Let us cast our nets into the water, that we may be ready when the opportunities reach us. Let us make the school-room our home, scholars and teachers our friends, education our aim, and victory our end.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,

Cherish some hope, be it ever so lowly;

Labor, all labor is noble and holy,

Let thy great deeds be thy prayers to thy God.

—*Lowell.*

D. L. FAUROT, '08.

Exchanges.

LAST summer, while walking through one of the parks of a certain city, we heard the chimes of a large church. As we listened, a feeling of exhilaration came over us, and we had grown quite poetic in our thoughts, when the music ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

It was with a similar feeling that we perused *St. Mary's Chimes* for November, and we could not help thinking of the appropriateness of the title. From the first page until the last the deep toned notes of the essays, together with the gay tinkle of the poems and stories, combine to make beautiful music. Ring on, Chimes, and may your music never cease!

Last month's *S. M. I. Exponent* contains some excellent verse in "The Legend of Lover's Leap", and in Mr. Mayl's translation from Horace. Both are characterized by an easy flow, and must be highly commended. No less praise is due to the illustrations, which, we understand, are done by the students.

There are one or two points about which we are in the dark. Was there a September issue of the *Exponent*? If there was, why not intimate that the "Story of Marquis of Mantua" is a continuation from a previous number. From reading the October number we could not decide whether it was an essay on jesters, or whether it was a criticism of a play. In the November article there

are so many characters introduced, eight on one page, that we could not keep track of them. We hope for the sake of sound sense, that there was a September Exponent.

The matter contained in the *Mountaineer* is of general interest and of such excellence that we would gladly have more of it. Science and Religion, although an almost worn out subject, receives effective treatment here. Much has also been written about Father Mathew, but his noble work renders him worthy of almost perpetual eulogy; and in this particular essay it has been fittingly accorded.

We always hail with delight the advent of the *Fordham Monthly*. The first page of the November edition was devoted to a beautiful poem, "The Death of Autumn." The verses move easily, and the general effect is very pleasing.

One feature we have always liked in the *Fordham*, is the variety of essays, stories, etc. One of the finest of these little sketches is the "Hallowe'en Dream of a Lover of Rarebit." As the name indicates, it runs in a humorous vein which is well sustained by the diction.

"Out in the Darkness," while not altogether new in plot, is told in an interesting way.

There were so many good things in the *Si. Ignatius Collegian* that we are not quite certain what pleases us best. "The Contemplation of Autumn" is full of the real poetic feeling, and we feel sorry that the writer did not make an attempt at verse. "The Skylark's Song" can be read repeatedly with pleasure. The metre and rhyme

scheme are certainly very apt, and we think it could easily be set to music.

A very readable and attractive journal is the *School Echoes*. It is filled with all sorts of little sketches; dealing largely with saints, musicians, and painters, besides some clever little stories and poems.

The term "Middle Ages" should have been substituted for that of "Dark Ages" in the article "The Violin," as being more appropriate. There is nothing particularly dark about the Middle Ages, except that some people are in the dark about them, as, we believe, some writer has remarked before.

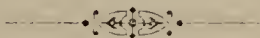
After writing the above, the December, or Alumnae Number, reached us, and we are compelled to add our congratulations on that also. It is a beautiful specimen of the printers and photographer's art, and an elegant witness to the taste of the editors.

Of all our exchanges, few contain so much solid reading matter as the *St. Mary's Sentinel*. The life and works of Charles Dickens are of such continual interest that we warmly welcomed the sketch having that loved name for its title.

"A Defense of Benedict Arnold", besides being novel, strikes a chord that is full of pathos. No one seems to have sympathized with this unfortunate man, and that he was really wronged is as true as any one could care to have it. Although "we cannot forget the perfidy of Arnold the traitor, we should remember the service of Arnold the patriot."

Benziger's Magazine for December is not inferior to former numbers. As we took occasion to say last year, this monthly cannot but please the most critical. Its main contributions are from prominent authors, and it is well managed editorially.

For variety of articles, especially, it is not surpassed by any other magazine. The Young Folk's Corner is well edited, full of information, and in every way calculated to interest and benefit the young. No expense is spared, it would seem, to make this in every way a first-class magazine.



Athletics.

THE sport on the gridiron is now over, much to our regret. We have been very fortunate this year, both as to the number of games played and the lack of accident. The minim teams have shown up well, defeating the juvenile citizens of Rensselaer. The youngsters show the right spirit, and in future years alma mater will have reason to be proud of them.

Perhaps the most exciting game played this year was the Aquino-Caecilia inter-hall game played Sunday Nov, 15th. The team from Caecilia Hall was composed of juniors and sophs, while the normal, commercial, and other Latin classes filled out St. Aquino's team. If the contest would

have been decided in favor of the team knowing the most Greek, it is thought, though doubted by some, that the victory would have gone to St. Caecilia's Hall. As it was, however, beef was the factor, and beef won. It was a hard game, interesting throughout, and the final score, St. Aquino 5, St. Caecilia 0, gives an inkling of its closeness. The line-up;

St. Aquino.

St. Caecilia.

Miller.....r. e.....	O'Donnell
Lieser.....r. t.	Allgeier
Gores.....r. g.....	Wellman
Notheis.....c.....	Freiburger
Recker.....l. g.....	Keller
Seimetz.....l. t.....	Fisher
Culll. e.....	Monahan
Hilgerink.....q. d.....	Sullivan
Graf.....l. h. b.....	O'Connor
Kaib.....r. h. b.....	Bryan
Saccone.....f. b.....	Shea

Everyone is chafing because the gym seems to be in no hurry to put on its finishing touches. However, much can be done during the Christmas holidays. MAURICE F. O'CONNOR, '06



Societies.

C. L. S. Since the last report the society adopted the practice of answering roll call by a quotation. With few exceptions the members have shown excellent taste and judgment in their selections. The practice is commendable for obvious reasons.

On Nov. 6th, a program entitled, "Favorite Poems and Songs", was given:

Piano Selection.....	Prof. Jos. Baunach.
Essay, "The Raven".....	B. Alt.
Song, "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Hall"....	I. Collins.
Estimate of "Lead, Kindly Light"	J. Becker.
Oration, "Oratory among the Arts".....	I. Weis.
Dramatic Recitation, "The Charge of the light Brigade, and appreciation of the same.....	C. Kloeters.
Song, "Old Black Joe".....	J. McCarthy.
Recitation, "The Dawn of Peace".....	N. Keller.
Song, "Way down upon the Suwanee River"....	J. Lieser.
General Discussion of favorite poems and songs by the Society.	

In a meeting held Nov. 13th, the regular quarterly elections took place. Many of the old officers were reelected; special interest was exhibited in choosing new members for the executive committee. The following is a list of the officers chosen: Pres., M. O'Connor; Vice Pres., F. Wachendorfer; Sec., B. Wellman; Treas., J. Sullivan; Critic, L. Monahan; Editor, E. Freiburger, Marshal, D. Fitzgerald; Ex. Com., C. Frericks, F. Gribba, M. Shea.

A program of decidedly superior excellence was delivered on Thanksgiving Day.

Music, "Bridal Rose".....Orchestra.
 Dramatic Recitation, "Antony's Speech".....R. Rath.
 Debate: "Resolved that it is advisable for the Catholics of
 this country to form a separate political party".

Affirmative, Aug. Wittman, Neg., O. Knapke
 Variations, Violin and Piano..P. Arnold and Jos Baunach.
 Dramatic Recitation, "Trial of Joan of Arc"..A. Scheidler.
 Farce, "The Editor's Trials", with characters as following:
 Editor Clipper, Louis Nageleisen: Newspaper boy,
 I. Weis; Swagger, a friend of Clipper, P. Wiese;
 Treadwell, printer, A. Scherrieb: Horatio Testy, a
 distinguished citizen, J. Miller.

Music, "Alabama March".....Orchestra.

Mr. Wittman won a veritable triumph, in spite of the length of his address, and the others were close rivals for the honors of the evening.

Another program was given by the society on Sunday, Dec. 11th. It was composed of the following numbers:

Recitation, "The Dying Patriot's Request".....C. Fisher.
 Essay, "Julius Caesar, the Play".....J. Seimetz.
 Essay, "The Friendship of Brutus and Casius"..L. Faurot.
 Recitation, "Asleep at the Switch".....J. Costello.
 "Parody on Barbara Fritchie".....H. Grube.
 Rienzi's Address.....B. Wellman.
 Declamation, "After Blenheim".....J. Gallagher.
 Scene from Julius Caesar, Act I. Scene II.....J. Bryan, J.
 O'Donnell, E. Howe.

Piano selection.....O. Knapke.
 Farce, "A Gold Brick" Characters: Hotel-keeper, J. Von der Haar; Klondyker, W. Hilgerink; his brother, N. Allgeier; negro Sam, J. Saccone; police-man, O'Brien, P. Gase; a tramp, L. Huelsman.

In the order of private programs this must be ranked high. The participants showed good preparation, though still not enough, with one or

other exception, to attain to the ease and finish of trained elocutionists.

A. L. S. The members of the Aloysian Literary Society are right in line with up-to-date programs. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception they appeared for the first time in public and presented the following:

Violin and Piano Duet....Prof. J. Baunach and G. Zwissler.
 Recitation, "The 8th of Dec. 1854" B. Brugger.
 Oration, "Society, the great Educator"..... E. Newmeier.
 Humorous Declamation, "Laughing".....O. Muhlenbrink.
 Recitation, "The Value of Time".....H. Berghoff.
 Triologue, "Counting the chickens before they are hatched":
 Participants:..... L. Scohy, P. Brugger, Th. Loechtefeld.
 A. L. S. Paper by.....P. Miller.

This was followed by a drama in two acts, entitled: "Brought to Justice", with the following cast: "Mr. Smyle", a professional swindler, J. Gores. Clerks of Smyle: 'Drudge', P. Miller; 'Qubbs', M. Bryan; 'Nibbs', E. Hanley; Detective 'Jukes', in double disguise, V. Williams; 'Stephenson Gearing', an inventor of a modern poker, P. Roederer; 'John Gearing', the inventor's brother, G. Ohleyer; English Twin Lords: 'Lord Dolphus', D. Senefeld; Lord Augustus', E. Mauntell.

The play was very well given. Some of the participants, especially, acted with much naturalness and faithfulness.

The following private programs were given by the Society during the course of this term:

Program held Oct. 9th: Duet by P. Arnold and G. Zwissler; Address, P. Miller; Declamation, 'Our Titles', E. Hasser; Recitation, 'A Fast Age', Ph. Graff; Humorous Recitation, 'Modern Im-

provements', W. Donahue; Dramatic Rec. 'Midnight Murder', Wm. Thompkins; Declamation, 'The Battle', L. Sulzer; 'A. L. S. paper', D. Senefeld; Comic Triologue: 'Charles' the Englishman, H. Berghoff; 'Jonathan', the American, R. Donnelly; 'Gottlieb', the German, O. Muhlenbrink.

Program held Nov. 6th: Recitation, 'A Summer's Farewell', O. Braun; Oration, 'The Evils of War', P. Roederer; 'The Rival Speakers', Messrs. L. Kaib and B. Brugger; 'Exhortation of Youth', F. Cull; Recitation, D. McShane; Declamation, 'Ultimate Triumph of Peace', Ch. Pheffer; Farce, 'The Yankee Marksman' by Messrs, J. Boland, R. Black and Wm. Hildebrand.

On Sunday, Nov. 13th, the society elected the following members to fill the various offices: Pres. P. Miller; Vice Pres., D. Senefeld; Sec. L. Sulzer; Treas. G. Ohleyer; Marshal, J. Goers; Librarian, C. Carrol; Editor, O. Muhlenbrink; Ex. Com., E. Mauntel, Ph. Graff, B. Kaib.

St. X. G. L. S. The St. Xavier German Literary Society presented a fine German program on Dec. 3rd, in honor of their patron.

The selections ran as follows:

Music, "Choice Selections".....by the Quartette.
 "Das Studium der Weltgeschichte",...by F. Wachendorfer.
 "Der Bart, das Wunder des Pflanzenreiches", a humorous declamation.....A. Scherrib.
 "Rom and seine Umgebung".....F. Lippert.
 Piano Selections.....Prof. J. Baunach.
 Ausriss aus "Tell", Act I. Scene IV. 'Walter Fuerst', C. Kloeters; 'Melchthal', R. Rath; 'Stauffahrer', R. Schwietermann.
 Operette, "Ein liederliches Kleeblatt", I. Tenor, M. Helmig; II. Tenor, A. Scheidler; Bass, O. Knapke.

The audience were much entertained by all the numbers, but especially by the musical farce, which was excellently rendered, and thoroughly enjoyed.

Nearly all the students are now members of the Marian Sodality. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, a large number of candidates were solemnly admitted and received their diplomas. Their names are:

A. Hentges, M. Gruen, H. Goetz, L. Gerstbauer, E. Bickel, F. Bickel, V. Williams, R. Williams, W. Donahue, J. Donahue, L. Recker, A. Recker, B. Brugger, P. Brugger, J. Riley, L. Hoffman, D. McShane, J. Quinlan, C. Carrol, J. Costello, A. Wittman, P. Dahlke, J. Burke, J. Kraebel, L. Sullivan, F. Notheis, L. Faurot, J. Hermiller, R. Donnelly, W. Hildebrand, C. McDaniel, L. Hierholzer, A. Schlaman, A. Braun, G. Fox, F. Feldman, W. Neary, H. Dues, C. Pfeffer, E. Hanley, P. Roederer, O. Muehlenbrink, G. Zwissler, H. Berghoff, A. Goetz, W. Hilgerink, R. Black, Th. Loechtefeld, F. Gull, L. Brunner, W. Thompkins, C. Dombach, J. Sedletzeck, J. Gores, P. Graf, J. Gallagher, D. Durler, F. Meagher, J. McIntyre, H. Post, Th. Koenn, P. Koenn, B. Riffel, G. Pax, F. Shaeper, F. Lippert.

St. Stanislaus Altar Society. On the feast of St. Stanislaus, the members of the Altar Society paid reverence to their patron saint by chanting the benediction hymns in the evening and also a song in honor of St. Stanislaus. Father Simon did not forget to treat his boys on that day.

S. J. C. B. The College Battalion has been revived once more and the familiar drum call resounds again, summoning the members to their regular twice a week 'line-up'. The Battalion consists now of four companies, which are in charge of the following officers:

COMPANY "A"

Adjutant, M. Shea, Captain, J. Sullivan, First Lieutenant, E. J. Pryor, Sec. Lieutenant, C. Fisher, First Sergeant, B. Wellman, Sec. Sergeant, J. McCarthy.

COMPANY "B"

Capt., O'Connor; First Leut., E. Vurpillat; Sec. Leut., C. Boeke; First Sergt., F. Gribba; Sec. Sergt. L. Nageleisen. Company "C" is captained by J. Bryan; and Company "D" by J. O'Donnell.

The Companies under the command of Major N. Keller gave a public drill on Thanksgivingday, which was much enjoyed by the spectators. Clad in their trim new uniforms, the boys looked like West Point Cadets.

MAURICE E. EHLERINGER, '06.



Personal.

The following were welcome visitors at the College:

Rev. C. V. Stetter, Kentland, Ind. Rev. A. Henneberger, Fowler, Ind. Rev. Felix Seroscinski, North Judson, Ind. Very Rev. John H. Guendling, Peru, Ind. V. Rev. John R. Dinnen, La Fayette,

Ind. V. Rev. Francis M. Quatman, Sidney, Ohio.

Mr. Louis Goetz, Fowler, Ind. Mr. Emil Bail, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Mr. E. L. Carroll, Decatur, Ind. Mrs. Mary Hogan, Chicago, Ill. Miss. Sophia Wiese, Reynolds, Ind. Mrs. M. T. Hanley and Master Leo Hanley, Muncie, Ind. Mr. Philip Graf, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Mrs. LaMaster and Master Arthur, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Mr. Georg Rath, Tucson, Arz. Mr. M. Didier, Russia, Ohio.

We wish to express our sympathy with our fellow students, Philip Graf and Josep Sedletzeck, who have been called home. Mr. P. Graf on account of the death of his sister, and Mr. Jos. Sedletzeck, for the funeral of his father.

OBITUARY.

Rev. Valentin Schirack C. PP. S., pastor of St. Peter's Church, Winamac, Ind., met sudden death, Nov. the 15. Driving near the railroad, his horse took fright at an approaching handcar, and dashed the priest out of the buggy, killing him almost instantly. Father Valentin was but 32 years of age, of which he spent eight years in the sacred ministry. He was a very popular priest, and the grief of his congregation was indescribable.

Rev. Sebastian Ganther, C. PP. S. calmly expired Nov. 20, at the Novitiate, Burkettsville, O. at the age of 83 years. For 55 years he had labored faithfully as priest in the Community of the Most Precious Blood.

May God grant their departed souls eternal rest.

ALBIN. J. SCHEIDLER, '05.

New Publications.

The Rosary,—by Father Garesche, S. J.

This little gem comes to us as a most precious guide in that dearest of all Catholic devotions, the Rosary. The author does not give a detailed explanation of the exercise itself, but points out how we are to employ ourselves while reciting the beads. Meditation for each of the fifteen mysteries are given in a clear and concise manner. While the book is addressed mainly to young people, it is fit reading for the old as well.

Benziger Bros, Price 50c.

The Immaculate Conception, by Rev. A. A. Lambing LL. D. Benziger Bros. 35 cts.

This neat little book is well deserving of its title, since it treats extensively on that sublime and much discussed subject. Any one reading it with care, and thoroughly digesting its contents, will undoubtedly have a clear understanding of this most eminent of Mary's titles. As a source of information to the Catholic ignorant regarding the Immaculate Conception, or as a present for a querying Protestant friend, it has neither equal nor substitute in English. J. C. '07.

Moral Briefs. By Rev. John H. Stapleton. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Price A. \$1.50 net.

Moral Briefs may well be styled "a concise, reasoned, and popular exposition of Catholic

Morals.''' Popular indeed, because it is of that timely and precious kind that appeals to student, clergymen, parent, and layman with equal interest and attractiveness. The authors style is easy, simple, and direct.

The volume comprises ninety-nine chapters, treating fully the commandments, and whatever they imply. Some very timely chapters are: "Christian Science", "Occultism", "Godless Education", "Catholic Schools", "Correction" (the rod or not the rod). "On ethics of war etc." Every chapter is in itself an exquisitely wrought essay with logical arrangement and beautiful paragraphs.

Rather than say more, we will conclude by extracting the following remark from the chapter on "Godless Education", to illustrate the timeliness, force, and interest of the volume.

"One of the things the Catholic Church fears least in this country is Protestantism. She considers it harmless, moribund, in throes of disintegration. It never has, cannot, and never will thrive long where it has to depend on some thing other than wealth and political power. It has unchurched millions, is still unchurching at a tremendous rate, and will end by unchurching itself. The Godless school has done its work for protestantism, and done it well. Its dearest enemy could not wish for better results". R. A. R. '06.

The Ruler of the Kingdom, and Other Phases of Life and character, is the title of a volume of short stories written by Grace Keon, and pub-

lished by Benziger Bros. Its contents are some of the most interesting short stories that have appeared of late years. The flowing, racy style blends with the vivid descriptions of manners and events. The author has a certain charm that attracts both young and old. For the young there is simplicity and interest of event, and for the mature a depth of meaning in each of the tales. We would like to see our Catholic authors take up the problem novel more extensively, and put it to a good purpose. We may call "The Ruler of the Kingdom" an attempt, but only by means of the short story. For mental entertainment, to say the least, we can heartily recommend this book. It is certainly a fine Christmas Gift. As to the make up and typography, the fact is enough commendation that it is published by Benziger Bros.

From the American Book Company we have received a copy of Conde. B. Pallen's new book, *The Meaning of the Idylls of the King*, which is meeting with general praise. It is a very handy booklet for students, and while we have not thus far found time to study it carefully, we cannot doubt the value of a work the merit of which Tennyson himself attested in a letter to the author.

A review of two new novels, "Shadows Lifted," by Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. and "The Way that Led Beyond," by J. Harrison, both published by Benziger Bros. we must defer till our next issue.

We notice with pleasure that Benzigers have joined the movement to put the best literature within the reach of all by issuing very low-priced

editions. They have just published *Fabiola* at the price of 25 cents. It is very well printed, though in paper covers. It is to be hoped that *Calista*, and other popular Catholic works will be issued in a similar form.



Catholic Charity.

A NEW society, known as the "Marquette League" with headquarters at United Charities Building, 4th. Ave and 22nd. St., New York, has been organized for the perservation of the faith among the Indians. Its special object is to support schools and chapels among the Indians. The membership fee is \$2.00 a year and \$1.00 for boys and girls under 16 years. We think, after reading the constitution, that this new society will help the Indian cause very much, and that it is a great honor for any Catholic to belong to it. More information concerning the society may be obtained at the above address.



A very good object of Chatholic Carity are the missions in India. Excellent work is done there with the smallest means. To us who live in plenty it seems wonderful that the priests, brothers and sisters can keep up courage under so many difficulties. And wonderful it is.

We wish to direct the attention of our readers to the Mission at Maryabad, which supports and educates hundreds of children made orphans by

the recent famine. The address is Rev. Bro. Roch, Maryabad (Gujranwala) Punjab, East India.



Another missionary cause nearer home is that of Rev. Alb. Stroebele, missionary among the islands of the Caribbean Sea. Among the inhabitants of these islands are decendants of Irish exiles, who have been without a priest ever since they arrived there. Father Stoebele says that it is a good field for missionary efforts, the people being well disposed. He proposes to fit out a sailing vessel for his use in going from one island to the other. Any help extended to him will be highly appreciated. Stamps are gladly received.

Address: Rev. Alb. Stroebele,
St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.



Hit or Miss.

Characteristic Sentences.

Why study geography, when you have a railroad guide. M. B.

Work is hard; sweet is sleep:

I choose the better. B.

I hold that the "novel" is the only source of knowledge. Q.

Fitz to Ralph;—"If you send me some candy for Xmas, I'll send you some."

"Intrito cibo lagonam posuit."

Meagher's translation;—"He placed the hash in a bottle."

“Knowledge is power, not gained in an hour.”

F. F.

I believe that seven pounds of beef make a good soup. F.

Rest, rest, sweet rest,

Come, O come into my breast. S.

I begin to hate that Latin daily more and more. B.

I'd rather do nothing than lie down. O.

Days are so long, nights are so short; there should be equality. Tangle.

When studying, the feet ought to be elevated above the head, so that the blood may flow into it.

Car.

There is harmony in the universe, nothing but harmony, and the sound of the bell can only mar it. Everet.

Paul's Epitaph, written by himself:

Pisal dujo jadal malo

Nikt nie sluchal go choe Kesycsat,

Dlugoio po nino nilzostalo—

Bo nikt nie mu nie pozyczal.

Snoring is the vocalization of profound breathing. It may develop into a habit. N.

Bumpsy says: “Times must get better or I can never pay for that ding.”

Gloomy's latest: “Repetitio est pater studiorum.”

Is foot-ball rough? I should think so, when it is played against a barbed wire fence.

O'Connor: — The worst thing that can befall a fellow is to dream that he got a hundred in Greek and wake up to find it not true.

TOWN IS GROWING. The new engine establishment on Walnut St. adds greatly to the embellishment of this city. The work was begun in July and is now completed.

To furnish the Gymnasium with the necessary requirements would shake any man's pocket to a finish.

Base ball, Polo, Pool, Bowling, Basket ball, Music and so many other things will be played in that building that if I were to mention them all, you would be here an hour from now waiting for the last one.

All the geniuses of Collegeville are kindly requested to contribute some of their best effusions of the comic muse.

Carl Mai exploring the labyrinth of the new gymnasium, cried out in admiration: — "If my feet were only smaller, that I could fly to the Muses!"

John says he was cut out to be a poet, but was put together wrong.

Bumpsy's great heating tunnel has been the wonder of many an admiring eye for the last month. Oscar asked him the other day: "How long will this thing last?"

Bumpsy: "That will live as long as I last.

Isidore, alias "Texas," and Fidelis have started a banking concern. Are there any deposits —or depositors?

The locals must have a localism that is localized to the locality in which they were located by first location, and localization, made locally, will please the "local" editors.

"Santa Claus need not apply," says Mr. Reitz.

Paul, (after almost missing breakfast) I need a few hours more sleep than others, because in Poland the nights are twice as long as here.

Dennis to Bert: "What is the title of your story?"

Bert: "The great Maltese Dog of the Rocky Mountains."

Carl Mai has lately taken stock in the "Breitung" Hotel. Good luck to him.

Huelsman: — "What makes Barney Wellman so active lately?"

Dues: — "He has read Roosevelt's "Strenuous life."

Prof: — What is ment by the expression "a refractory Parliament?"

Cos: — "That's the place where they eat."

Red says: "There's a whiskered man coming with a bundle soon."

Bumpy's hand-organ is turned by a musical crank.

Prof: "Give another name for the Episcopalians?"

Costello: — "Angelico Saxons."

The smokers met on Dec. 7th., and elected the following Gentlemen to various offices: B. Schmitz, Jos. Bryan, Frank Gribba and Nick. Allgeier. Ben's speech of acceptance was a spellbinder. Our friend Socrates was preseat during the meeting and gave his opinion of the club. His face bore a most beautiful canine expression during the proceedings.

Mac was standing in an obscure corner of the study-hall the other day, with big tears rolling down his cheeks, when John accosted him with the question: "What is the matter, Mac? Is somebody dead at home?"

"No," Mac muttered between his sobs, "Terence wouldn't look at me this morning."

Terrible are some of the verses heaped on the joke table. But when Shneider got his shears to cut them, his tape-line to measure the feet, and his iron to press them in shape, they took on the following aspect:—

List ye lovers of the Muses,
How it fared with one who uses
Iambic feet in Dactyl verse.
On a morn so bright and clear
That one thought the heavens near,
He wandered off the universe.
Stranded on a planet bare,
And ordering now bill of fare,
Lo! his eyes he oped at last.
Gazing out far ov'er the deep
His golden mansion is one sweep
Beheld he, clinging to the mast.
Here he mused and sang and wrote,
Shakespeare e'en contrived to quote,
When Jove hurled out a thunder-bolt.
The shock his nerves did all unstring,
His heart it jumped as in a swing,
The planets even got a jolt,
And out of plump went stars and seer:
Lambic feet are not found here.

Virgil's Latest.

My song is of wars and heroes in battles the fiercest,
 Fought when Jove almighty is solemnly feasting in heaven
 With his assistants uncouth, forgetting his sorrow-curs'd
 children.

Then when the winds are at rest in their far-hidd'n cavern,
 And when fair Juno forgets all her maltreated heroes;
 And when deep darkness is brooding at will o'er the mead-
 ows,

On a strong pillar infernal 'tween the earth and the ether;
 Two of the heroes of armies gigantic and mighty
 Are fiercely engaged in single encounter of honor.
 Wildly and fearful dividing the night are the cries of the
 fighters,

Like the hell sounds that in heaven till then heard were
 never;

Satan it seeming had loosened his hell-nurtured demons.
 Ah, but look! my last shoe has hit them full squarely and
 truly,

And from the fence has quickly tumbled them into the
 orchard;

'Twas the most common of sleep-killing night-wars, a cat-
 fight.

Quarrel of Blacky Brutus and Carrol Cassius.

(With profound apologies to William Shakespeare.)

Scene I—*Within the Study Hall.*

C. Cas. Most smoky brother, you have done me wrong.

B. Bru. Judge me, ye gods! Wrong I myself?
 And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

C. Cas. Blacky, this sober form of yours hides wrong;
 And when you do them—

B. Bru. Carrol, be content;
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of all our smokers here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them stay right here.
Then in our smoking room enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

C. Cas. Fox, you and Joe Miller stay right here.

B. Bru. Sullivan, do the same; and let no man
Come to our room till we have done our conference.
Red and McMaster, guard the door,
And you shall have an extra puff.
At the next small cigarette that I do roll. (Exeunt)

Scene II—Within the Private Smoking Room.

C. Cas. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have smoked up all my papers,
And now think my pipe is not amiss.
Go on, kid, you Blacky Brutus, you;
Not another bite of fudge will I give you.

B. Bru. You wrong yourself in smoking such a pipe,
For pipes are made for men about my size.
You'll see the day you'd gladly smoke a snipe,
And as for fudge, it is'nt good nowise.

C. Cas. At such a time it is not meet,
That all the goodie-goods should be devided
Between a hungry crowd.

B. Bru. And let me tell you, Carrol, now,
You have forgotten already how
You took half a pear in one bite,
To soothe your growing appetite.

(Enter Gloomy, the Poet.)

Gloomy. For shame, you fellows! what do you mean?
Smoke, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have smoked more Duke's, I'm sure, then ye.
This corn-cob pipe is the pipe of peace.
I'll smoke it as long as there is a piece—
But we must go, for there's the bell,
Yet I have much more, I'd like to tell. (Exeunt all.)



BETWEEN

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Indianapolis

Cincinnati

Louisville

And The South.

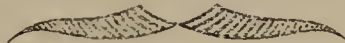
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